

Operation Meteor Storm

by FrontLineSpartan119

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Summary: A compliment story to a series going through the life of HellJumpers as they take their stand against the Covenant in humanity's darkest hour.

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Begin Transmission

> Location: Earth Continent: North America<br> Battle zone: Los Angeles California

The sun glowed a violent orange as dawn approached. Will Michaels and his team completed their daily patrol in the northern sector.

Michaels was stationed at the UNSC Sigma Command Post 3. Michaels was in command of the 114th ODST Division.

> Ever since the attack at Osirius 8, ONI had waved the green flag to tighten up the defenses on the home front. With few key outposts left throughout the UNSC, it was vital that they defend every post the best they could. Sigma Command Post 3 was no different. It is a main intelligence command center to uplink to on-field ODST squadrons.<p>

Michaels was never prepared for action. He signed up for the UNSC two years after quitting his job as an accountant. His sleek black hair, and Dominican characteristics made him look no older than 22, but he was actually 20. Daily routine patrols were no problem, but he wondered what would happen if an actual Covenant engagement happened? Would it be anything like the simulations?

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Orion team, named after the base he graduated from. He, along with 100 other units, were taking part in the largest fortification in history. It was important that Earth did not fall to the Covenant. Will took out an old blue rag and wiped his face. The scorching sun wasn't kind to his squad. There was no excuse for not finishing the job. Patrols were issued to different squads to ensure that Sigma Command Post 3 didn't see any trouble. The Covenant were on the move at this moment, but the UNSC wasn't backing down yet.

"Looks like everything is clear over here. Smith, take a fire team with you and check past that apartment complex. Everyone else on me. One last sweep and we're out of here." Said Michaels on the com.

"Hey Sarge, come take a look at this. I've found some marine bodies. Can't identify their tags due to the wreckage here." reported Smith. Reggie Smith was normally a mellow person, but when it came to his job, he made sure to always stay informed of enemy movement.

"Roger that. Heading to your position now. Hold until I get there". Said Will. He snapped off the com and motioned his team to advance. Will, along with 3 other ODSTs took wedge formation and swiped the roads for any movement.

The area was completely deserted. Cars were parked on the side of the road, the leaves of the tall oak trees glistened in the wind, and the peaceful moon lit above the open sky. Michaels envisioned a busy metropolis filled with wondrous activity. That wasn't the case at the present moment.

Michaels approached the abandoned apartment complex Rodriguez was at. He could see a 3-story complex with various staircases and broken windows. He carefully moved against the wall as cover, then immediately crouched to get a good sweep of the area. He waved his team in and they moved inside the lobby of the complex.

Smith had curly blond hair, freckles, and blue eyes. His height was 5'10, and he was taller than most ODSTs that were in the academy. Marines didn't respect him as an assertive person, but the experience and battles he took part in changed him. He came from a pleasant, small-town country boy to a disciplined, smart, killing machine. It's exactly what a typical ODST should be.

"Reggie, any luck on those bodies?" asked Michaels as he switched on his light and crouched near Smith. "Not yet sir. My team is still digging the bodies out of the wreckage. It will be a moment." replied Smith.

"Understood. Get me a perimeter around the lobby. I want a sniper/spotter team in the second story covering us. Remember, the Covies love a good surprise attack. We'll get them the surprise before the joke's on us." said Michaels. Michaels motioned the ODSTs to their assignments, and they zipped off into the dusk.

Reggie's team evacuated the bodies and laid them near a torn-up couch. "Sir, permission to speak?" asked Reggie. "Granted. Go for it Smith" said Michaels. "It is apparent to me that these 2 bodies are from Bravo team sent on patrol 3 days before our deployment. If that is the case, I suggest we mobilize back to command and warn them before they get here." said Smith.

Michaels cupped his chin in wonder. "Wait a minute lieutenant, check this out" said Michaels. He reached over next to the dead marine and grabbed a data recorder from his helmet. "Reggie, get me the com link specialist" ordered Michaels. At that instant, an ODST with communication and surveillance equipment propped into the lobby and setup a small table with a data displayer. He took the chip and slapped it into module. A blue screen lit up and showed 3 marines with their platoon leader. It was a Spartan.

"Hennimen, make sure we aren't breached. Scott, what part of seal up that door do you not understand!" ordered the Spartan. From the voice of the Spartan, Michaels recognized it was female. She had bright, colorful, green armor, similar to the Master Chief, but had a falcon insignia implanted on her right shoulder. It was Spartan458. Hennimen grabbed her battle rifle and continued to barricade the small door keeping the hungry growls of the Covenant at bay. "Scott, you and Richardson grab some rocket launchers and get ready. They are expecting us. Lucas, get 4 detonation packs ready." ordered the Spartan.

Lucas rigged up the explosives and strapped them to the four pillars supporting the ceiling. "It's done, Chief." reported Lucas. At that instant, the barricade that was setup, blew down. 8 Spec Ops Elites stormed into the door and began barraging the marines with plasma fire. Scott and Richardson fired their rocket launchers simultaneously at the Elites. It killed off 3, but the 5 continued charging at their position. Nicole dashed at the lead Elite and jammed the front of her fist into its chest. The Elite gasped for breath, then collapsed on the floor. She drew her battle rifle and began clearing the area of the Elites. The Elite swiftly struck Scott with its energy blade. Nicole, turning around in horror, took a grenade and slapped it on the Elite. She jumped over the barricade and turned to Lucas.

"You know what we have to do." said Nicole. Lucas nodded, but his smile soon sunk.

> Nicole propped up from her position and tossed two grenades. Lucas hit the trigger button and...<br> The pillars exploded. Smoke filled the entire room, making it difficult to see. 458's squad was scattered, but battered physically. "Hennimen, are you OK? We have to leave this room now. I'm calling for an air strike." said Nicole. There was no response. Silence was all she heard. Nicole knew she had to continue her mission. She leapt up from her position and dug Lucas out of the rubble.

> "Get up. We have to move." said Nicole. Lucas, still delirious from the blast, gave a nod and proceeded to get up. "Find Richardson" ordered Nicole. Lucas looked straight at Nicole, sighed and shook his head in disappointment. Nicole acknowledged, and then approached the back entry. Hennimen was outside behind a barricade she created out of barrels and crates. She was fighting off some jackal snipers on the rooftops.<br> "What took you so long?" asked Hennimen. She continued to fire at the snipers. She eliminated a jackal hiding inside the third story of a tan apartment complex. "Had to finish the job." said Nicole. She grabbed Lucas' arm and swung it over her shoulder. He had a fractured leg and could barely walk.

> "We're sitting tight for the air strike" said Nicole. "Roger that, Chief. " said Hennimen. Lucas collapsed on the floor near the crate coverage. "He'll be ok. He needs to rest until we can get an EVAC." said Nicole. Hennimen nodded and continued to watch the area.<br> "

Sweet mother of.". The transmission went dead.

> "That's the show". Said Michaels. He packed up the equipment and grabbed his gear. "Smith, any reports on Bravo team?" asked Michaels. "We did get word from base that Bravo team was spotted not too far from checkpoint 3. They should have made it safely if the Covenant were mowed down by our artillery." said Smith. He made a deliberative point. The base that Michaels was deployed from already had the firepower to evade an assault from the Covenant. 40 Scorpions, 25 Warthogs, 10 Mongoose, and a hefty array of Sky hawk jump jets along with 300 to 400 marines. He only hoped that they were still there by the time his team got back.<br> "Smith, prep your gear and get ready to go. We're moving out. Banshee patrols have been around this area and I don't want to stick around when they drop off their gifts." said Michaels. "Roger that, sir." said Smith. He packed his equipment and gave the thumbs up signal.

> Michaels team advanced outwards of the apartment complex and back to an alternate route through a thick forest. He was sure this route was clear, because backtracking the previous route would allow the chance for getting hit by the banshees. He got this far, but he wasn't out of the woods yet.<br> Smith and Michaels swept the area with their battle rifles. "Rodriguez, status". Ordered Michaels. "I'm en route to your position. Stay put and I'll be there Captain." said Rodriguez. This wasn't the time. Michaels had a limited amount of time before Covenant ground patrols would sweep the area. In this case they would be outnumbered 40 to 20. He anticipated that Rodriguez would get to the rendezvous point safely, while he and Smith covered him.

> "How about this. Smith and I will go to you. We'll bring you back and then we'll head off to the base together." said Michaels. "Sounds good. I'll be here Cap'n". Said Rodriguez. The com snapped off. The two ODSTs backtracked again not too far off the trail until they encountered a chain link fence. Smith cut the wires and they crept in. "Rodriguez, we're downstairs. Meet us there. We have to go now." said Michaels. There wasn't a reply. "Ok, I got it Sir. Be right there." said Rodriguez. Michaels could spot him going down the stairs. He successfully went down the stairs and met Michaels and Smith.<br> "Let's move. The Covies are on our trail." said Michaels. Both ODSTs acknowledged and fell into line with Michaels. They jogged back into the forest and around the concrete walls protecting the civilian shelter. It wasn't much use anymore due to the constant Covenant raids that have occurred here.

> "Michaels to HQ. We are en route to the base. " Reported Michaels. "Acknowledged Delta team." said Captain Tomac. "Ok, regardless of the base condition, take caution when approaching. Drones have been spotted not too far from Surveillance post 2 scoping out the area. Probably searching for more marines." said Michaels. The ODSTs nodded and continued to march on.<br> Michaels and the rest of Delta team entered the front gates. Everything was in lock down and defensive mode. More Scorpions than normal were surrounding the main building and Warthogs were prepped to go. Michaels tapped a fellow marine passing by on the shoulder. "What's going on?" asked Michaels. "Captain Tomac is ordering lock down mode. Covenant was spotted 3000 meters west of here. Banshees have been bombarding nearby outposts all day. "Reported the marine. Michaels nodded, then walked over to the main building labeled COMMAND CENTER.

> "Sergeant Will Michaels reporting Sir!" said Michaels. "At ease, son." said Captain Tomac. Captain Tomac was notorious for his night raids on Covenant outposts. He mainly cut off the Covenant's weapon shipments that were transferred from their capital ships. This slowed down their momentum, delaying a full scale attack into small raids.

"As you know, the Covenant aren't too far from here. I've ordered this base into lock down and full alert in order to be ready." said Captain Tomac. "What we need to know is where all these air strikes are coming from. That's why I want you, Wallace, one other operative and I to go on a Spec Ops mission to take down their airbase located in Carson City, Nevada." said Captain Tomac.<br> "Didn't they just get hit the other day?" asked Michaels. "Yes, that happened, but they managed to last longer than expected thanks to help from some special operatives. "Special sir?" asked Michaels. "Yep. Great soldiers that get the job more efficiently than 100 marines put together." said Tomac. It suddenly hit him that at the last meeting before he shipped out to California, Admiral Whitcomb informed his post of an emergency squad of Spartans. They were called back from their previous missions to help out Earth's defense.

> Michaels worry slowly faded away. They had a chance now. The Covenant were going to get what they had coming to them. Not only were the Spartans going to help, but he was putting in his part too. Michaels didn't care anymore if he made it alive. He just wanted to be there when the sun rose again over the clear blue skies.<p>

The End

End  
file.